

DECEMBER 1939

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



CHRISTMAS AT ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY  
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY  
TO ANIMALS & THE AMERICAN  
HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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## The Fondouk at Fez

We are glad to tell all interested in the American Fondouk at Fez, Morocco, that though the Superintendent, Mr. Delon, has been called to service because of the war, arrangements have been made whereby for the present he and the four grooms are permitted to continue to keep the Fondouk open and carry on the work.

## For the Horses' Christmas

Free dinners for working horses will be distributed on the Saturday before Christmas by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Trucks loaded with bags of grain, apples and carrots, will traverse the streets where many horses are in daily service. The feed will be placed on the wagons of peddlers and carried to the stables which let out horses for hire.

This pre-holiday feature has been observed for more than twenty years. Its humane educational value warrants its annual repetition.

Contributions of money or grain or apples or carrots, sent to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be gratefully acknowledged.

The Bill which would have demanded that before a declaration of war the people of the country should vote upon the subject, we still believe should have been passed. Who go to war? Not the President or the members of Congress. The fathers, the sons, the husbands—these are the men out of our homes who are sent to face the horrors of war by a mere handful of men who may represent some of the people, but never all of them.

We are pleased to learn that the post office at Holyoke, Mass., will again act as commissary for the feathered population of that district this winter. Organizations or individuals who wish to contribute food are assured that it will be properly and speedily distributed by the Holyoke letter carriers.

## Christmas

It comes this year as it has come for centuries in spite of all the jarring voices that war against its gracious message. Its song of "peace on earth" rang out into a world that had little welcome for it; that denied even the right to live to Him who translated its music into a human life. It was a song of faith. Drowned a thousand times by the discordant shouts of hate and war, it has not faltered in the calm confidence of the truth it was given to proclaim. Again and again as the tumult and the shouting have died away, it has been heard still flooding earth and sky with its holy melody.

It is the song of the world's great optimism. There were ears that heard it even amid the darkness which fell upon that "green hill far away without a city wall." Ears there are that will hear it this year despite the clash of hostile armies and the roar of a thousand cannon. Multitudes there are who will sing it with the same confident faith as in those days of peace when they trusted reason was soon to take the place of war. To doubt the final triumph of the truth sung to the world in the "Glad Tidings" of its first Christmas day, is to sail a sea without a bottom or a shore, chart and compass lost.

We do not hesitate then to send out our Christmas greeting. The things that are seen are temporal. It is in the realm of the unseen that we must seek just now that which abides in the Christmas message and which no night of war, save for a time, can dim with its primeval darkness.

If we dare not wish our readers a Merry Christmas, we do wish them all the gladness homes and hearts may know where faith and hope and love still live. To all little children who look forward to the day with joy we send our wish for a very "Merry Christmas." Notwithstanding the pain and loss the year has brought, we shall find the Christmas joy just in proportion as we strive to kindle it in other hearts. Never was need greater since time began that each of us live out toward all

men everywhere the spirit of the imperishable song, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

## The Horse in War

UNDER this title *The Animal Pictorial*, an unusually fine publication, devoted to animals, and published in London, has printed an article by Major-General Sir John Moore (Director of Veterinary Services, British Expeditionary Forces, 1914-1918) giving a detailed account of the number of horses used by the allies and the fatalities among them.

On all fronts the English had 1,361,000. France, without giving the exact figure, had about the same number. By November 1, 1917, 1,188,539 animals had been bought from Spain and America to make up the wastage in the French armies. Many thousands died from disease and various forms of sickness, and from exhaustion from labor forced upon them but beyond their power of endurance. How many survived the war we are not told. He does say that from July 1, 1916, to the end of the war, gas killed 211, gunfire and bombs killed 58,090 and wounded 77,410, and 2,220 were incapacitated, making a total in France of 137,931.

While the exact number of horses in the war which survived is not given, the figures that Sir John Moore gives us would seem to indicate that the mortality among the horses was less than we had been led to suppose.

"To this day," says the Major-General, "few people realize the tremendous services which were rendered by these animals during the four and a half years of deadly struggle. We have not yet appreciated their noble achievements or the immense help they gave us. They worked side by side with us, shared our dangers, difficulties, losses and incapacities; they suffered with us and died with us; they were with us in times of dreadful disappointment and they took part in the final victory."

Alas, all these animals to which such splendid credit is given were not volun-



tary beings, sacrificing, suffering and dying for their country. They were simply wholly unconscious of what it all meant, driven by their human masters to face the tragedy of a war for which they were in no way responsible, suffering and dying for the sins and follies of the men who had launched the cruel war.

## The All-Purpose Animal

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

AS the Christmas season approaches we hear so much about the jolly reindeer—the animal of the frozen North which does such an important work for Santa Claus by taking him over the snow and helping him make his Christmas deliveries on time. But I wonder how many of you really know just how useful the reindeer really is all through the year?

No other domesticated animal in any part of the world renders more service to its owners than does the reindeer. The Laplanders, for instance, count their wealth by this animal. The lives of these sturdy folk are almost entirely dependent on their reindeer for food, drink and clothing. The Laplanders even have to accommodate their ways of living to that of their reindeer herd, for they have to move continually in order that reindeer have food.

The reindeer is unique among the deer family in that the female has antlers as well as the male, although they are somewhat smaller. It is the only member of the deer family that has been domesticated by man.

Reindeer thrive and are used in the Arctic portions of both the Old and New Worlds, Scandinavia, Spitzbergen, Northern Russia, Siberia, Alaska, Canada and Greenland. In America it is called the caribou.

In Eskimo-land the reindeer plays an important part in the lives of the Eskimos. These useful animals draw the Eskimos over the snow at great speed. With a load of two hundred and fifty pounds a reindeer can travel nine or ten miles an hour, and keep this up all day.

In spite of all the important work which the reindeer does, its upkeep is very inexpensive, for the animal can find its own food even when on a long, cold trip, by pawing off the snow with its feet to get at the moss and lichens underneath.

It has often been said that the reindeer serves as horse, sheep and cow all in one. It furnishes meat and milk for food, antlers for glue and other implements, hair for mattresses and life belts, skins for soft and pliable leather (out of some of which Eskimo shoes are made). A number of skins sewed together make a warm tent. The undressed hide is cut for ropes and twine, fishing lines, nets, etc.

The reindeer herders are very careful of their animals, especially in the winter when the wolves are ravenous, and they guard them day and night. But, of course, such an important and useful animal deserves all the good care that he can get.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

GEORGE ELIOT

## The Youngest Camel

A Christmas Legend

KADRA MAYSI

*The bridle bells were ringing and the camel drivers singing*

*Where the long, long way from Syria began.*

*But, as that way grew longer, one by one—except the stronger*

*Of the beasts—fell out behind the caravan.*

*The youngest camel followed. At the noon-day halt, he hollowed*

*In the sand of the oasis, with his cloven feet, a bed;*

*And he slept, only awaking at the goad. His heart was breaking*

*From the pace and, on his dun coat, saddle galls were raw and red.*

*In the daybreak, vultures, wheeling, watched the weary creatures kneeling*

*While the drivers tightened rope or shifted load.*

*But, at last, where sheep were grazing on Judean hills, the blazing*

*Silver star which fled before them seemed to stand above the road.*

*In the courtyard, by the stable, fell the little camel, able*

*But to pass the gate. He lay—exhausted—sore.*

*He had no more strength for trying and he knew that he was dying . . .*

*When he saw the Christ Child through the open door!*

*By that vision he was given life and power. Never driven*

*In the future, he was leader of the train. And each year, a camel wearing silver bells*

*is proudly bearing Christmas gifts to children of the East again.*

## An Animal That Glides

EWEN K. PATTERSON

AMONG the most remarkable of all furred acrobats is the flying phalanger of Australia. An attractive little animal, with a silky-furred coat of a grayish-black color on top and white underneath, the phalanger is noted for its magnificent tail, which any Persian cat might envy.

The creature is rarely seen in the daytime, which it spends sleeping in the trees, but as soon as darkness falls it begins to feed, "flying" about from tree to tree in search of fresh young leaves and berries.

The animal does not really "fly," but glides, and is the most amazing glider in the animal kingdom. It has a loose flap of skin connecting its fore and hind legs with the flanks of the body. When the limbs are



THE AUSTRALIAN PHALANGER

outspread the loose skin-flap is stretched taut, and the animal can glide for upwards of 100 yards. The long pendulous tail acts as a rudder and balancing organ.

When a phalanger wants to "fly" from one tree to another, it simply climbs to the highest branch of the tree it is in, then leaps out into space and glides swiftly downwards, alighting safely on the trunk of the other tree. When near its objective, the phalanger checks its speed by a quick and graceful curve upward, and makes a clever "landing" on the tree-trunk to which it clings easily with its delicate fine claws. Then it immediately climbs up into the branches.

In the Australian bush the haunts of the phalangers are easily discovered because of the many scratches in the bark of trees, where the animals' sharp claws have repeatedly torn the surface when "landing" after "flights."

On moonlight nights the blurred image of these agile creatures shooting through space is a wonderful sight.



REINDEER TRAIN HAULING CAMP SUPPLIES

## Creatures of Peace in War

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE, F.R.G.S.



Wide World Photos

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—A DOG WAITING IN A TRENCH AT THE FRENCH FRONT WHILE A MESSAGE IS BEING WRITTEN. THE FRENCH USE DOGS REGULARLY TO CARRY DISPATCHES

(Photo taken recently and passed by the French censor)

**M**ETHODS of warfare have altered a great deal since the advent of the twentieth century and the substitution of mechanized units for cavalry has meant that large numbers of horses are no longer required on the battlefields of today.

On the other hand, highly trained dogs are used a great deal. In the Great War of 1914-1918, Airedales and collies saw active service on the battlefields of France and Belgium and acquitted themselves with great distinction.

The Germans have always been conscious of the usefulness of well-trained dogs on the battlefield. At Frankfurt is the largest military dog school in the world. The "students," which consist mainly of sheep-dogs, rottweilers and pinschers, go through a strenuous course of training and the curriculum is an interesting one.

The carrying of ammunition is regarded as being of prime importance and some of the larger animals have proved themselves capable of carrying as much as 45 pounds in their harness cradles. By the aid of a special spool, telegraph wires can be run across broken country. Some of the exceptionally intelligent dogs have been coached in the art of carrying a time-bomb into enemy trenches and then scampering back to safety before the fatal explosion.

It is pleasing to be able to record, however, that the dogs are also trained to take part in more humanitarian work among the wounded. This consists of taking first-aid equipment and restoratives on to the battlefields and thus supplying the injured with medical aid. Afterwards, the dogs hurry back to the base for help with a piece of the soldier's tunic in their teeth.

At the outbreak of hostilities, it was estimated that the Germans could put 50,000 trained dogs in the field, a canine battalion being attached to each regiment of infantry.

Although the British and French have never gone in for canine conscription on anything like the same lines as the Germans, there is no doubting the fact that the general standard of dogs attached to these armies today is of an exceptionally high quality.

Pigeons are also used during war time and at the present time it is estimated that the British Government has at its disposal no fewer than 500,000 of these birds, as well as the services of about 2,000 men to handle them.

With the possibility of telephonic communication between the fighting line and headquarters being cut off by air raids, pigeons are invaluable for sending important messages. In addition, they can be taken with attacking tanks and, indeed, form the only available means of communication between these machines and the base. Ships and airplanes will also have pigeons with them ready for releasing should their radio sets fail.

In civil work, pigeons may often prove to be the only way of communicating and already many big firms in Britain have arranged for carrier pigeons to be at their disposal.

The Humane Societies of this country have put themselves on record as favoring action leading to the suppression of the American rodeo. Concerted effort would be necessary to wipe out these revivals of a lawless period in the country's growth. They have failed to get a footing on foreign soil, after several desperate and strongly-financed attempts. The modern rodeo is still a most vicious, depraved and demoralizing form of cruelty to animals.

Do you know that the General Court of Massachusetts, following the example of the English Parliament of 1643, passed an act in 1659 that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas day, shall pay for every such offense five shillings." Massachusetts did not repeal this ordinance until 1681.



Wide World Photos

UNCLE SAM'S CARRIER PIGEONS STAGE A SHOW DURING A REVIEW AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HONOLULU, THE LARGEST ARMY POST OF THE UNITED STATES

## Ode to a Hound Dog

J. HERBERT BLAIS

*Hound, whose drooping auricles have listened*

*To my tales of woe, my secret fears,  
Who understood with amber eyes that glisten'd*

*My every thought reserved from human ears . . .*

*Hound, who leap'd and gambol'd with me gaily,*

*Who shared my moods, my secret rendezvous;*

*In whom full proof of faithfulness show'd daily,*

*Who trotted at my side the long years through . . .*

*Dog o' mine, you haven't really left me:*

*Your aged body knows eternal peace,  
But of your spirit death has ne'er bereft me:*

*Your trotting at my side will never cease.*

## Ways of the Garter Snake

WILLIS MEHANNA

The common garter snake reaches a length of over three feet and is about one and one-fourth inches in diameter. He is dark brown with three longitudinal yellowish-like stripes. Above and between these are rows of spots resembling the design of Navajo bead work. This snake makes its home both on upland fields and on low ground near the streams. While upon the high ground he feeds on mice, toads and insects, but when near streams he often goes into the water for food. I have seen him in creeks, when the water was clear, crawling along on the bottom of a pool and catching small crawfish, tadpoles and such creatures as are found there. On this account he is useful. Many of the insects he devours are harmful, and this snake is neither quick enough nor combative enough to molest the nests of birds and is therefore harmless. He is a sort of ground and water snake.



NOW, WHERE DID THAT MOUSE COME FROM?"

## Gentleman Jerry

NEIL WENTWORTH

JERRY was only a dog—but what a dog! Born in a coal yard, without ancestral tinfoil, he could not afford to be particular in regard to his future home,—and we, not being in the social register, were not in the market for “pedigreed pooches,” so you see, our feelings were mutual from the start. Strange how we met, and as I glance back I recall, with a smile, the unorthodox situation that resulted in Jerry’s adoption into our home, and the entire neighborhood’s heart.

It was at an amateur stage production of “Little Women.” The play had reached a rather dull note, being almost entirely dialogue at this point, when, from behind the velvet curtains strolled—horror of horrors—a canine prodigy determined to make his stage debut then and there! The screams of laughter rippling from the audience, caused him to peer quizzically out over the footlights to the delight of all concerned, except, of course, the dismayed players. Completely ignoring the impassioned pleas of the stage hands in the wings, and apparently pleased over the furor he was causing, he completed his investigations with utter nonchalance, withdrawing finally (of his own accord) with the air of a trooper who, having played his part to perfection and stolen the show, was ready for a long-term contract! He got it—with us—through the persistent efforts of my brother Dana, who, without even waiting for the curtain, rose from his seat and dashed backstage with a “do or die” attitude that clearly indicated his intentions.

A humorous account of the incident in the local paper on the following morning nicknamed him “Gentleman Jerry,” because of the fact that after stealing a whole scene, he was “gentleman” enough to abdicate and leave the rest of the honors for the players. How Jerry mastered the unusual throughout his brief life is another tale, the real moral or thought lying in his death. I was crossing the street to my home one rather disagreeable, foggy, evening—Jerry trailing at my heels, as usual—when I stepped into the path of an oncoming automobile. The driver, seeing me, tried to bring the vehicle to a direct stop, an action which the slippery pavement would not entirely permit. In an endeavor to avoid those crushing wheels I slipped—but Jerry didn’t! One mighty leap brought him between me and the screaming wheels, simultaneously taking his life and checking further progress of the car!

In my bewildered mind I marveled, at the moment, that a dog should act on the impulse of his silent, unflinching, love and fidelity to his master—while man—intelligent, brave, courageous, man—champion of the

animal world, putting the law of self-preservation above that of love, would hesitate!

Greatly because of my grief, and partially because of the density of the mist or fog, I failed to notice either the stranger or the car he drove—but my ears still ring with his parting remark, as he stood perspiring despite the chill of the evening air, relieved to find me unhurt, then suddenly realizing that he had struck something and discovering Jerry’s lifeless form: “Whew—it was only a dog!”

## Know Your Cat

JOHN P. DINNENY

THERE are many genuine cat lovers who do not enjoy to the full the friendship of their pets. The cause lies in their lack of knowledge of the more subtle complexities of the cat’s nature. A cat owner must possess such knowledge if he would develop to the highest degree those endearing qualities that make Puss a friendly and comforting companion.

Like a genius of our own species the cat is a particularly sensitive animal. Her feelings are easily ruffled by rough handling, teasing, noise, or sudden movement. This upsets her dignity, and Kitty is nothing else if not dignified. Once this barrier breaks she is very apt to become cross and unmanageable, or even dangerous. She instinctively expects to be treated with every consideration which well-bred people show toward each other.

Treated thus, the cat’s affectionate nature will cause her to make friendly advances. It must be remembered that this is her special prerogative; she makes friends with us, not we with her. She accepts or rejects us at her own discretion. Whether she decides “yes” or “no” depends upon the tact and kindness we have displayed toward her.

We must also understand the cat’s hearty aversion to making changes of any sort. She is a methodical animal who grooves herself into a daily routine. Radical changes in environment, diet, or other habits create a sense of fear which will make her anything but a likable creature. If such changes are necessary, they must be made gradually, with ample time in between for adjustment to the new conditions and under the most kindly auspices.

These are only a few hints toward a better understanding of our cat’s psychological make-up. Almost any library will contain one or more good books which will add to, or amplify, the above. In such books, also, the reader will find detailed instructions on the physical care of their cats which is of no less importance than the mental care. In fact both are so intertwined that one cannot be neglected without affecting the other.

So, in a word, we must study our cat not alone through our own observations but also through the writings and experiences of other persons. Then shall we enjoy to the full the natural charm, graciousness, dignity and sincerity of that most delightful of home pets—Grimalkin.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.



## In a Pet Shop Window

MABEL EDGCOMB

*I saw you first through a windowpane  
In a store on a little back street;  
You were white and fluffy and full of life  
And you danced on your four little feet.*

*You wagged your tail and you blinked your  
eyes,  
And you wiggled from end to end;  
You rolled about like a rubber ball,  
So eager you were to be my friend.*

*I had saved my money to buy a new hat—  
A bonnet with flowers of blue—  
But I couldn't resist the pleading eyes  
Of a dear little puppy like you.*

*I paid for you and I took you up,  
An armful of ecstasy.  
You were soft and woolly and all my own—  
And what was a hat to me!*

## Unusual Spider Industry

LILLIAN TEPEL

**F**EW persons stop to think how really valuable spiders are. It has been said that they are smart and quick, also really have a mind of their own, being obstinate at times.

A golden dinner jubilee was given by fellow-employees and the company's directors of a firm in honor of The Lady of the Spider, who worked for that firm fifty-one years. She had hundreds and thousands of spiders under her care, her nimble fingers guided by bright eyes, followed swiftly the web-spinning of one spider after another; she spools the threads with brisk efficiency. It is the Spider Lady's job to obtain gossamer for insertion in the diaphragms of surveying telescopes.

The little Spider Lady is very proud of her job which includes acquisition of the spiders, making them spin, spooling the thread as fast as they spin it, and inserting filament in diaphragms of the instruments. A spry little woman does all this work, and has come to know a lot about spiders.

Ordinary spiders that we find in our homes very seldom spin fine enough webs for telescopes. The spiders that are captured in fields, barns, and pig-stys, they are the spiders that spin the finest, strongest, and most elastic thread. While in captivity they won't eat, and usually are released after one spinning. New batches are obtained from boys who capture most of them in the meadowland section of Hudson County. The Spider Lady obtains the thread by releasing one spider at a time from a community cage and allowing it to bolt for a window. Sometimes the spider sees it is being followed and quits cold. A more co-operative one replaces it.

Once in awhile the Spider Lady gets bitten but has never been injured seriously.

Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital will insure a suitable marker inscribed with the donor's name.



WHAT A GOOD HOME WE'VE FOUND!

## Sea-Dog

BLANCHE FEWSTER

**N**INA," German shepherd dog, serves as mascot aboard the Norwegian ship "Moldanger." Captain Bjorn-Hansen obtained Nina in Belgium when she was three weeks old, seven years ago. Since that time she has been on the Moldanger, literally "on" for Nina has never been off the vessel. In fact she has never been below the bridge deck. But this isn't as restricting as it sounds for the Moldanger is roomy. She has plenty of roaming space on the bridge deck, bridge, flying bridge and Captain's quarters.

Nina's favorite station is on the ship's bridge alongside her master, Captain Bjorn-Hansen. She is indispensable as a navigational aid in foggy weather, her master maintains.

When the ship is sailing in a fog, Nina keeps her station on the bridge. Long before the warning whistles from other vessels can be heard by officers, Nina has picked up the sound in her sensitive ears and cocks her head in the direction of the sound.

But Nina's accomplishments don't end with her fog protecting. She extinguishes lighted matches by placing a paw on them after Captain Bjorn-Hansen has lit his pipe. She never eats standing on four feet, but sits down before munching, which is just part of her table etiquette. She is a linguist, obeying commands given in Norwegian, French, English and German. She won't touch food placed before her unless her master says "versaagod" which means "be so good."

And Nina is a good sea-dog—the heaviest seas don't make her seasick.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

## A Suitable Gift

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL

**W**HAT shall I give my boy or girl for Christmas?" This question will soon be faced by many parents who will find themselves puzzled as to what will make a suitable gift for their children.

The counters of toy stores are laden with toys that would brighten the eyes of any child on Christmas morning. But there is another type of gift that will endure for many years to come—a dog. Here is a gift that will make any child happy. For unlike toys, the dog is a part of life itself. He does not have to be pulled or wound up in order to give pleasure. He will supply his own locomotion and his many comical antics will bring smiles to his new owner. As the years roll on the child and dog will form a friendship that will be lasting.

However, before the dog is turned over to the child, a little lesson in kindness to the animal should be given by the parents. Too many children regard a dog as just another plaything and as a result the animal is often mistreated. Children should be given to understand that a dog is human in its feelings, that it, too, can be hurt both mentally and physically by constantly being annoyed. The child should be given complete charge of his dog in every way so that he will feel that the responsibility of caring for his dog is his alone. However, the parents should see that the dog is given this necessary care and attention.

So here is hoping that next Christmas morning will find many children happy over their new-found friend and Christmas present—their dog.

*"To have a friend at each day's end,  
When tasks are done and pay is ours;  
To hold faith high, and not ask why;  
To love someone—this day is ours."*

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## Christmas Legends

THERE are many superstitions connected with the coming of Christmas itself, writes Robert Haven Schauffer in the Introduction to his anthology entitled "Christmas." The bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel, in honor of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angel to the shepherds.

Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," relates that on one moonlit Christmas Eve he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods. In response to an enquiry, he said, "Me watch to see deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

In the German Alps it is believed that the cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve. But it is a sin to attempt to play the eavesdropper upon them. An Alpine story is told of a farmer's servant who did not believe that the cattle could speak, and, to make sure, he hid in his master's stable on Christmas Eve and listened. When the clock struck twelve he was surprised at what he heard. "We shall have hard work to do this day week," said one horse. "Yes; the farmer's servant is heavy," answered the other horse. "And the way to the churchyard is long and steep," said the first. The servant was buried that day week.

## From the Church of Scotland

In connection with the one hundredth anniversary of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which occurs this year, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has made the following pronouncement:—

"The General Assembly congratulate the Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the attainment of the centenary of its existence. The General Assembly, believing that the infliction of avoidable suffering is contrary to the will of God, commend the aims of the Society, and recommend all ministers to devote all or part of a sermon on one Sunday in the year to the general subject of mercy and kindness to all living creatures."

## Dr. Hugh F. Dailey

AFTER months of illness, many of which had been spent in hospitals where everything was done for his comfort and recovery, Dr. Hugh F. Dailey, for seventeen years chief veterinarian of the Angell Animal Hospital, died suddenly, October 29, at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Dr. Dailey, a native of New Haven, Conn., was a graduate of the Veterinary School of the University of Pennsylvania. He joined the staff of the Angell Animal Hospital upon its opening in 1915. For a year and a half he served, with the rank of first lieutenant, in the World War. He was a member of several veteran organizations and of the New England Veterinary Association and the Massachusetts Veterinary Association.

He was a nationally known authority on animal diseases, and it is estimated that during his service at the Angell Hospital he personally treated no less than 25,000 animals. He inaugurated many new ideas, devised original methods for transporting sick or wounded animals, and had an unusual love for pets of all kinds. At his late home, 24 Glen Avenue, Newton Center, Mass., he kept a variety of animals as household pets.

Besides his wife, Eva Smith Dailey, one son, three daughters, a brother and five sisters mourn his loss, to whom the sincerest sympathy of all his colleagues and a host of friends is extended. The funeral services were at the Waterman Chapel, Harvard Street, Brookline, Tuesday afternoon, October 31. Not since the obsequies of George T. Angell has a funeral of a Massachusetts S. P. C. A. worker been so largely attended by representatives of the Society. President Francis H. Rowley was in charge and, in the course of a touching tribute, said:

Dr. Dailey seemed by nature extraordinarily fitted for the calling he had chosen when he began his life's work. He had certain gifts that seemed to have been born with him. He was an unusually gifted diagnostician. One look often was enough to tell him what the trouble was and what was needed. Beyond what he had learned from books and experience and what he had gained from the years of practice, he brought to his daily work an unmistakable love for all animals and especially for those that suffered, and, more than that, a very real sympathy for those who came to him with their sick and injured four-footed friends. They knew at once by the look in his eye and the kindly smile on his lips that he was their interested friend.

Only those who have really loved these lowly fellow creatures know how deep and sincere is the affection one can feel for some household pet, or some other four-footed friend, whose companionship and devotion have meant so much to them. To these, Dr. Dailey's sympathetic personality helped to make a little less the sense of loss when they had to give them up.

To him the Society he served owes no little part of the success of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. For nearly twenty-five years he served it, and those who came into personal contact with him

always called for him when they had to return.

To all who served with him and to all associates with him in the various departments of the organization's work throughout the Commonwealth, he endeared himself by his universal kindness, his generosity and his helpfulness.

## Horses in Philadelphia

Says *Animaldom*, small but snappy publication of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.;

There are 5,310 horses in Philadelphia according to a census we have recently completed as of Oct 1, through our district agents. Stabled in some 300 places. Largest group is owned by the city; 1,021 in Street-cleaning Dept., 97 in Police Bureau, 71 saddlers and workers used in Fairmount Park, 14 at Byberry Farm. Of private owners, Supplee-Wills-Jones leads with 472, Abbott's and Harbison's Dairies and Freihofer Baking coming next in that order. Last count made by the city in 1920 was far from complete. Our agents checked up on care, condition and stabling, noted fire risks, warned some smaller owners. Serious violations are reported to Fire Marshal Jacob Clinton, whose own inspectors are also on the watch.

## Skunk Problem No Problem After All

Wild life technicians of the National Park Service, consulted as to what should be done with regard to the problem of skunks in the vicinity of hotels in Glacier National Park, Montana, or other national park areas, contend that it is not the skunks that constitute the problem, if any, but the attitude of the public.

"Allay the fears of the visitors regarding these harmless and interesting mammals," advise the wild life experts. "Educate the people to become better acquainted with skunks—at least on paper—and in time the prejudice that has so long prevented the skunk from enjoying friendly relations with visitors to the country, will be overcome."

—National Nature News

## The Unknowing

MARION H. ADDINGTON

*The oxen's breath was warm and clover-sweet;*

*No inkling of a wonder came to them  
Who from the hillside heard the sleepy bleat*

*Of stirring sheep, that night in Bethlehem.*

*They did not see the angels in the skies,  
But watched, all unaware how they were blest,*

*With placid, mildly interested eyes,  
A holy Babe upon his mother's breast.*

*And in the flicker of the lamplight's gleam,  
Ruminant, they stood contentedly,  
Nor saw against the rafter's heavy beam  
The shadow of the cross of Calvary.*





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868  
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#### Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

**Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue**  
**Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street**  
**Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road**  
**Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue**  
**Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville**  
**Wenham, Cherry Street**

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**Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Mrs. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Friday.**

**Springfield Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; Mrs. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.**

**Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Mrs. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas. Second Thursday.**

#### MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers..	17,542
Cases investigated .....	402
Animals examined .....	3,179
Animals placed in homes .....	249
Lost animals restored to owners..	65
Number of prosecutions.....	5
Number of convictions.....	5
Horses taken from work.....	13
Horses humanely put to sleep....	54
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,005
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected .....	73,586
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	32

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##### Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

##### Veterinarians

**A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.** **H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.**

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

##### At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital .....	787
Cases entered in Dispensary .....	2,028
Operations .....	692

##### At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital .....	194
Cases entered in Dispensary .....	572
Operations .....	184

##### At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered from date of opening	
Oct. 14, 1938, to Nov. 1, 1939 ....	1,041

##### Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 .....	176,523
Dispensary Cases .....	442,484
Total .....	619,007

#### David A. Bolton

After more than 27 years' service as a faithful and efficient prosecuting officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., attached to the Boston office, David A. Bolton was stricken suddenly after his arrival home from work, Thursday, November 2, and succumbed shortly after being taken to the Cambridge Hospital.

Mr. Bolton was a native of Maine whence he came as a young man to Boston, where he held various responsible positions till he found a place on the Somerville police force, later becoming chief of police of Watertown, where he resided at 30 Oakley Rd. From there he came to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. He was a conscientious and dependable prosecutor of the law, and was often called upon to take the place of the Society's chief officer during the latter's absence. His genial nature endeared him to his colleagues and to the many friends who mourn his passing, whose heartfelt sympathy goes out to his wife, Annie Reece Bolton, and to the brother who survive him. He was a member of Pequosette Lodge of Masons, Watertown, and of Somerville Lodge of Odd Fellows. Funeral services were held at the residence at 2 o'clock Sunday, November 5. Interment was at Newport, Vt.

The annual sale of the Winchester Auxiliary will take place at the home of Mrs. Taylor, 137 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, at one o'clock, Thursday, Dec. 14.

#### Features at Annual Fair

**T**RANSFORMED by gala decorations and artistic displays of tempting merchandise for Christmas presents, the second floor of the Hospital building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on Wednesday, November 8, was the scene of a large gathering of friends who came to assist the Women's Auxiliary at their annual Fair for the benefit of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Besides the tables laden with candy, food, household necessities, antiques, and literature, the chairmen of which were named in our notice last month, there were many unique features, all of which were generously patronized. Fortunes were told by Mrs. Barbara Brabrook and Mrs. Mari Harding. Mystery packages, known as "grabs," were dispensed by Miss Eloise Ordway, assisted by the English setter, "Duke." The spacious mailing room was converted into a restaurant where a large company partook of a splendid luncheon.

The attractive new club room on the third floor was given over to bridge at 2 o'clock, with Mrs. Charles E. Staniek in charge, assisted by Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. Grace Lyman, Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro, Mrs. Ralph Dunn, Mrs. George Pree, Mrs. Edward C. Green, Mrs. David Theall and Mrs. Martha Herdt.

The patronesses were Mrs. Charles G. Bancroft, Mrs. Harold Donham, Mrs. Adnah Neyhart, all of Framingham; Mrs. Harold Walters of Uxbridge; Mrs. William J. Underwood of Belmont; Miss Eleanor Sears of Beacon street; Mrs. Maurice J. Tobin of Boston; Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall of Newton; Mrs. Margaret Freeman of Hyde Park; and Miss Dorothy Forbes of Dover.

The whole affair was under the efficient charge of Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, assisted by the other Auxiliary officers: Mrs. Edward C. Brown, first vice-president, Mrs. Charles E. Staniek, second vice-president and chairman of ways and means, Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, treasurer; Mrs. Herbert E. Prescott, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. George D. Colpas, chairman of the work committee.

#### Winchester Auxiliary

At the annual meeting of the Winchester Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held October 12, most encouraging reports were given. The one thought from the beginning has been to establish in Winchester a Shelter where lost, strayed or injured animals might be cared for. The reports indicated that this objective has been fully realized and that the Shelter is filling a very real need.

Mrs. Richard Taylor, after eight years as president, has been granted a year's respite from office. The following were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke; vice-president, Mrs. John H. Joy; treasurer, Mrs. John Clarke; recording secretary, Mrs. Ambrose E. Reasoner; corresponding secretary, Mrs. G. Russell Mann; directors, Mrs. Richard Taylor, Miss Evelyn L. Parker, Mrs. Alfred H. Hildreth, Mrs. Marshall Symmes, Miss Gladys Marchant; chairman, special offering, Miss Ida Winn.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

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Joaquin Julia..... Spain  
Mrs. Alice W. Manning..... Turkey

#### Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

#### Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia  
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts  
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

#### Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR OCTOBER, 1939

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	1,357
Number of addresses made,	384
Number of persons in audiences,	71,379

#### Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



#### A Peaceful Scene

THE above picture is taken in the garden of Colonel Leonard Noble whose estate is at Henley-on-Thames, England. Colonel Noble is one of the leading councilors of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to whose estate during this war-threatening period the entire force of that Society has been transferred—some forty officials and clerks. The canopy over the statue of St. Francis is the work of the fifteenth century and was brought from St. George's Chapel at Windsor during its repairs about eight years ago.

#### James D. Burton

James D. Burton, who for more than 20 years represented the American Humane Education Society in Tennessee, especially in the mountain regions where he spoke in schools and churches, died October 3. Mr. Burton was connected with one of the large denominational Sunday school organizations and wherever he went he carried also the gospel of humane education. His travels covered many thousands of miles each year. He worked in close co-operation with the Parent Teacher Association of which Mrs. Burton is a district officer. To her, who was a great helpmeet to her husband in his humane work, our sincerest sympathy is extended.

#### India and its Band of Mercy

SOME two years ago we had an unusually interesting letter from a young man by the name of S. C. Batra, Khalsa College, Amritsar, India. He had received his degree of B. A. from the Punja University. He said in his letter, "My mind at present is concentrated toward your Society. I am convinced I can do the best service to humanity only by working among children, and the Band of Mercy is the seed of that plant which bears the fruits of all those ideals for which we, the social workers, are striving."

At the time Mr. Batra wrote us, Professor John Clark Archer, of Yale University, was in India and had become very well acquainted with Mr. Batra who, at his own expense, is carrying on this work as our representative. We wrote to Professor Archer and his letter to us was most complimentary to this fine young worker.

His organization is known as the Cambridge Band of Mercy. We have just received some leaflets published by the Band, from which we quote:

"The great enthusiasm evinced by its organizers, the occasional visits and discourses by some of the distinguished persons and the various kinds of encouragement offered have all produced feelings of great tenderness and affection in the hearts of our young members. On many occasions during the Band of Mercy meetings, students have reported acts of kindness they have done to rescue dogs and little birds from wanton cruelty."

D. C. Ahluwalia, principal of Cambridge College, Amritsar, says, "I am sure the credit for all this goes to the organizers who have taken great pains to sow the seeds of this highly ennobling movement and for placing the same on a very sound footing."

One of the leaflets published contains part of an address delivered by Bishop Bannerji on the occasion of the Humane Day celebrated on the 26th of July, 1939, at the Cambridge College. The Bishop said,

"I am greatly pleased to see that there is a branch of the Band of Mercy in your school and that your teachers are so wholeheartedly interested in the project.

"I have also been greatly impressed the way Mr. S. C. Batra, the organizer of the Band of Mercy, has captured your heart. He makes the demonstration real in the way he makes his appeal to you.

"You have my best wishes."

Mr. Batra is a fine illustration of a young man, by training and education, fitted for a life work in almost any business or profession who has devoted himself to the interests of that wider humanity which means justice, good will, compassion, helpfulness toward all life, whether it be the life of his human fellows or the life of the creatures below him.

#### Safety Signs

NIXON WATERMAN

*Disturbing fears our thoughts assail  
Whene'er we meet the while  
A dog that will not wag his tail  
Or a man who will not smile.*

## The Christmas Silence

*Hushed are the pigeons cooing low  
On dusty rafters of the loft;  
And mild-eyed oxen, breathing soft,  
Sleep on the fragrant hay below.*

*Dim shadows in the corner hide;  
The glimmering lantern's rays are shed  
Where one young lamb just lifts his head,  
Then huddles 'gainst his mother's side.*

*Strange silence tingles in the air;  
Through the half-open door a bar  
Of light from one low-hanging star  
Touches a baby's radiant hair.*

*No sound: the mother, kneeling, lays  
Her cheek against the little face.  
Oh human love! Oh heavenly grace!  
'Tis yet in silence that she prays!*

*Ages of silence end to-night;  
Then to the long-expectant earth  
Glad angels come to greet His birth  
In burst of music, love, and light!*

MARGARET DELAND

## My Bird Study

WALTER CARLIN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The writer who sends us this brief account of himself which follows is a pupil at the Henry School, Chicago. He is deserving of the highest commendation. We anticipate that he will find further pleasure and profit as he pursues his studies in bird life. He has supplied us with the long list of birds which he has individually identified.

The first time I became interested in birds was when I was eleven years old. At that time, I found a robin that had been shot in the wing by some thoughtless boy. I picked up the robin and brought it home and nursed it until it was able to fly again. After this happened I thought it would be nice to study different birds and their habits.

During my reading period in school I picked out various books concerning birds. I then proceeded to study the colors of birds and how to recognize them. My mother bought me a pair of field glasses, and on my summer vacation I went to the woods every two or three days.

I am now thirteen and have seen fifty-two different birds. If boys would realize how useful birds are to man they would not kill them but protect them as I do.

## What a Contrast!

A correspondent in Lebanon, Syria, Mr. N. B. Matta, whose successful humane educational work has been previously noted, writes as follows: "Despite the menace of war in Europe and the trepidation in the hearts of our countrymen, I have visited some thirty villages in Syria and Palestine, and lectured on 'How to Care for Animals in Time of War;' the people were much interested in the subject." He states that the expense of traveling by motor has so increased that he fears his labors must be greatly curtailed. He has continued thus far in having the co-operation of the police of Beirut who "have done their best in arresting all those who maltreated, underfed or overloaded their animals."



A RURAL SCENE IN THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON

## American Fondouk, Fez

Report for September — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	33.6	\$ 75.17
Forage for same		0.81
Put to sleep	7	0.82
Transportation		
Daily average dogs	6.9	2.76
Forage for same		52.87
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		100.00
Superintendent's salary		10.34
Veterinaries' salaries		25.50
Motor ambulance upkeep		1.24
Motor bicycles upkeep		32.66
Sundries		

Actual operating expenses \$302.17

Entries: 6 horses, 9 mules, 57 donkeys.  
Exits: 2 horses, 8 mules, 37 donkeys.  
Outpatients treated: 123 horses, 85 mules, 79 donkeys, 5 dogs.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Cases investigated, 98; animals seen, 1,423; animals treated, 284; animals hospitalized by us from above, 22; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 4; Arab bits destroyed, 12; animals transported in ambulance, 5; animals sent by Police Dept. 21.

G. DELON, Superintendent.

...

The little nuthatch is fond of scale insects, mealy bugs, and is death on the tent caterpillar which is one of our worst pests. The nuthatch will sit in a tree and eat the larvae that destroy the fruit and leaves of the tree. He hops here and there and never misses a worm. Often a fruit tree will send out fresh leaves after the birds have cleaned the tree of the pests.

## Song of Peace

*And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

LONGFELLOW

## In Rustic Cape Breton

W. J. BANKS

THERE are still corners of this North American continent where such rustic scenes as this, reminiscent more of the old world than of the new, reward the traveler. As we motor along the picturesque Cabot Trail on Nova Scotia's Cape Breton Island we meet the plodding ox, sleek and well-fed, dragging wagons or homemade carts with wheels of solid wood. Even more primitive is this type of vehicle, with wooden runners, also ox-drawn and used for many tasks around the farm. Our scene is in haying time, and as grandmother visits the hayfield she does not forget to bring a bottle for her favorite lamb. Native wool, spun and woven by the Cape Breton folk, makes handicraft products much admired.

The Cape Breton highlands much resemble those of Scotland, and indeed nowhere in America have the early Scots settlers so preserved their ways of life, Gaelic still being the prevalent tongue in some villages. In neighboring communities the descendants of the original French Acadian colonists prevail, and cling with equal tenacity to language and customs. All, like most rural folk with tradition behind them, take good care of their livestock. People who live close to the soil and its products seldom fail to experience a strong natural affinity for the animal folk who make possible their livelihood.

A leading Roman Catholic journal says, "We had a few conscientious objectors in this country during the World War. Should another war come we shall have millions." Doubtless this statement is true.

An aviator in the last war, who received the Croix de Guerre, said recently to his son, "Better go to prison than to war. If you go to prison you will at least be fighting for an ideal."

And the father had won the Croix de Guerre.





#### APARTMENT HOME OF THE GRACKLES

The picture of the bird-house was taken on a farm at Canons, Delaware. There are two of these houses erected on weathered poles, perhaps twenty feet high extended above a trumpet vine arbor. They are more than a generation old and have been repaired from time to time. There are two rows of nests on each side of the houses, one above the other. They always seem to be fully occupied by grackles, year after year. This picture was taken the last of May, and the birds usually remain until the middle of August. The slippery poles discourage the farm cats which show them no interest at all. These birds have always interested me, and remind me of the apartment dwellers of the Bronx, New York, because of the huddled way they live, and the way they hang their heads out of their doors.

DR. DONALD SNOW

#### Don't Shoot the Quail

RALPH FENWICK

I WANT to present this old subject again in time to save at least a few of the old bob whites of our boyhood days—the English partridge and quail of today. There will soon be many hunters roaming our prairies and woodlands in search of game. If you are not careful of your coveys there will be many quail carried away in the capacious pockets of the hunter instead of being free to dart under a grass clump at suspicious approach or sing their optimistic song, "Bob White, is your wheat ripe? No, not quite."

Some of our states have quail protection and some have this bird on the song-bird list thereby protecting them against the

hunter. But there are many states where the farmer must, himself, protect any bird or animal on his farm and the quail should be one of these by all means. Refuse to allow your coveys of quail to be shot at and stand by your objection.

In one instance I know of, the farmer was informed by the young hunters that "All wild game including birds were their meat without any interference from anyone." Well, this farmer acted very decisively and the hunters left at once. Left to himself the poor little quail has plenty of enemies aside from the gun. Snakes, hawks, dogs and stray cats get dozens each year.

No one bird is more useful to the farmer than is the quail. He is "death" to the Colorado beetle, the potato bug, and worms.

Quails are prolific breeders. Generally there are eighteen eggs in the nest under some immense clump of grass in early spring. Snakes are the worst enemy of the very young quail and as a nest robber. Last May I saw a mother quail followed by sixteen babies and I knew they had been hatched near-by. Later I saw the same bird and she had five young quail with her. Others had been lost.

If there were no open season on quail for, say, three years, the coveys might come into their own again. Once, on accidentally killing a sitting quail, I found in her craw 42 small worms, 14 Colorado beetles (young) many flies (cattle stingers) and many weed seeds. So you may see her value as an insect destroyer. Boys, the quails will help you more in getting potato bugs than a man can get in a full day. They love the baby bugs and the yellow eggs on the underside of the leaves. Just scatter a little small grain in the patch until

the covey learns what is waiting for them and you're fixed for free helpers against bugs.

Don't let hunters shoot your quail this winter. I'm sending this plea for a gentle, harmless, little bob white that cannot plead for himself. Instead, build some loose piles of brush in a warm sheltered place where these birds may hibernate, and then throw feed there ever so often. It's so little to do and you will reap a big reward. Next spring your covey of quail will be fat, disease resistant and ready for good breeding and full nests of eggs and young birds. Boys, make up your mind to do this thing this winter.

Christianity and War are incompatible. There is no such thing as a Christian War.  
The REV. DR. SHEPPARD

#### California Mockingbird

CLARA J. GALLAGHER

*A mockingbird is singing in the jacaranda tree,  
Where jacaranda blossoms make a purple canopy;  
His crystal notes are telling that the southern lanes are sweet  
With ragged-robin roses and wild clover tapestry.*

*A mockingbird is singing in the sultry heart of night,  
Proclaiming that the orange-groves are starred with perfumed white,  
Acacia trees are wearing their mantillas of gold lace,  
And poppyfields and lupine-fields are meadows of delight.*

#### Stop, Look, and Listen to the Mockingbird

ALETHA M. BONNER

SEPTIMUS WINNER (or, "Alice Hawthorne," "Mark Mason"—call him what you will—he had many pseudonyms) wrote an immortal song in tribute to his beloved "Hally," and in this ballad he also called affectionate attention to "the mockingbird still singing o'er her grave!"

When Winner, a Pennsylvanian, by the way, created the plaintive text and tune, the bird he bade the world "listen to," had not attained such distinction in national life, as was later gained, by being made the official feathered-soloist in five states, through acts of legislation; namely, Florida (1907), Texas (1927), Arkansas and Mississippi (1929), and Tennessee (1933).

In this particular connection it is interesting to quote from one section of the Florida Senate resolution anent the reason for adopting the mocker: "Whereas, the melody of its music has delighted the heart of residents and visitors to Florida, from the days of the rugged pioneer to the present . . . therefore, Be it resolved . . . that the mockingbird be hereby designated as the state bird for Florida."

The other states, as mentioned, are likewise complimentary, with the Texas legislative body having this to say: "The bird was selected because . . . it is found in all parts of the state . . . it is a singer of distinctive type, and a fighter for the protection of its home, falling, if need be, in its defense, like any true 'Texan.'"

Today the little ten-inch, gray and white plumaged transmitter of inimitable melody is not only a protegee of the quintet of states, but of the nation as well, being guarded through protective laws and aroused public sentiment; and in turn all members of this bird family respond to the affection shown them, and count many a state in the Union as their home. It might be explained that such a family is represented by two divisions—the Eastern mockingbird breeds in the southeastern states, and the Western is ever to be found "out where the West begins."

Having a rich, tender voice, and also possessing rare powers of impersonation, the latter gift being so outstanding as to

give the bird the age-old name of "mocker;" the question has been often raised about the musical notes emanating from its throat: "Are they voice tones, or flute tones?"

One does not care to go into too technical a discussion in answering the question; suffice it to say, therefore, that the lyrical demonstration calls into play a co-ordination of bill (the lips of which are called "mandibles"), tongue, and trachea; this last being a small tube extending from the mouth of bird throatward down to the lungs," which are the bellows furnishing the wind for this miniature pipe-organ on wings;" and since it is said that the organ is an entire orchestra in itself, so may the mockingbird be termed a music-maker capable of producing a multiplicity of tones in a variety of ways.

He may feature a flute-like passage with all the dignity and professional skill of a symphony performer. Then, upon completing this theme of classic charm, there may come from his mimicking beak a series of sounds seemingly of jazz-orchestra origin. He can be a poet and a peasant, a genius and a jitterbug—in fact, an entire catalog of characterization is suggested through the modulation and manipulation of his voice.

More than often the classical motives of the mocker's repertoire prevail; and his songs of sweetness have ever won words of praise from master-makers of art. Sydney Lanier intimated that "this heavenly bird" will be hailed as "brother" by Beethoven and Keats, when he enters the "choir invisible of the spirit world;" and it might be added, that it is in the land of Lanier, the sun-kissed South, that the bird is at its artistic best.

Here it is that you do literally have to "stop, look, and listen to the mockingbird," particularly if you chance to be in the gulf states between the months of February and August, since the singer is "on the air," day and night, during this season. Here the bird-homes of twigs, grasses and soft rootlets are built, usually in a thicket or hedge. The nest will contain, in time, from four to six blue-green eggs, flecked with brown.

And here in an environment of magnolia-scented air, moss-draped trees, with silvery moonbeams tinting the lagoons and bayous, one hears a voice of unparalleled beauty—a voice so accurately described by Longfellow in his "Evangeline."

*"Then from the neighboring thicket the  
mockingbird, wildest of singers . . .  
Shook from his little throat such floods  
of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the  
waves, seemed silent to listen!"*

The tiny titmouse is really so small he can hide behind a big leaf on a maple tree, but he is so active he will not be there long. He can eat a full hundred insects at one meal and lots of insects' eggs, too. In an hour he must have another meal of ants and tiny bugs from the garden. So in one day the titmouse will devour hundreds of insect pests. The chickadee is his cousin and has the same kind of eating habits.

## Sparrows

SALVATORE MARSIGLIA

*In winter 'neath the apple tree,  
I, many sparrows, daily see;  
A group of greedy, chirping things,  
Wee feathered friends who do not bring  
The robin's springtime message sweet,  
Who with gay songs the season greets.*

*They're nondescript in hue and song,  
They quarrel and scold the whole day long,  
And pounce upon a crumb or crust  
As though 'twere cake upon the dust  
That lies upon our wondrous earth.  
Ah! still, in all, they bring me mirth.*

*I gaze upon the snow-swept grass  
And view their footprints small, that pass  
Around the corner by the hedge  
And all atop the graystone ledge  
That forms the wall about the well,  
(And through bare land I can not sell.)*

*Ah, sparrow-folk! ye homely bird!  
Far better voices have I heard!  
Far better plumage have I seen  
In foreign lands that I have been.  
But your staccato little voice  
Spells home to me, and I rejoice!*

## Lady Hornbill at Home

ALICE LEE HALL

ONE of the oddest freaks of nature is the hornbill, a huge ungainly bird found in most tropical countries of the Old World. It is so called because of a curious bony growth resembling a horn which surmounts the bird's enormous beak.

While there are many varieties of these queer bulky creatures, differing greatly in size, their habits are very similar. One of the largest species, a native of Central Africa, measures from four to five feet from the head to the tip of the tail.

In color hornbills are black and white, their necks are entirely without feathers and their huge beaks are a vivid yellow with scarlet and black markings. Distinguished features common to all members of this great family are prominent eyelashes which give them an odd expression, and a long graduated tail which has two central feathers which are nearly twice the length of the others.

Hornbills are social birds, living in groups of six or eight. They make their homes in the tops of trees, seldom coming down except in search of food.

Richard Halliburton in one of his travel letters, written from Ethiopia, tells us of his train's being stopped entirely while a flock of hornbills, awkward and cumbersome, moving as they do on the ground with short hops and leaps, laboriously crossed the railroad. Neither are these birds graceful in the air, for they fly heavily with an amazing clatter of wings, at the same time uttering a loud discordant cry which is described by travelers as something unearthly.

They live chiefly on seeds, nuts and fish, although those of the larger species will not hesitate to attack and devour the most venomous serpents, while the smaller varieties are great destroyers of insects. Picking up a morsel of food, all hornbills have



THE QUEER-LOOKING HORNBILL

a peculiar habit of tossing it into the air and then catching it in their beaks as it descends, before swallowing it.

They breed in hollow trees where two to four large white eggs are laid. As soon as the mother bird enters this nesting retreat her mate seals the opening with mud and clay and does not release her and her brood until the fledglings are strong enough to begin taking flying lessons. In the meantime he feeds her and her little ones through a narrow opening in the earthen wall which has been left for this very purpose.

This peculiar nesting habit of the hornbill has been well known for a number of years, but it is only in the past three years that more detailed information has been gathered by an English naturalist stationed at an agricultural research station in British East Africa. He had a pair of these curious birds under observation for two seasons. He states that the mother bird remained in her voluntary prison a period of 175 days, or practically six months. During all this time her mate never once shirked his duty as the bread winner of the family.

Mr. Moreau, the naturalist, estimated that, from his investigation the male bird brought food to his wife and their offspring at least 3,000 times, carrying it securely stored in a sac or bag attached to the outer portion or rim of his gizzard.

*Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit  
once;  
And He that might the vantage best have  
took,  
Found out the remedy.*

*Go to your bosom;  
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it  
doth know  
That's like my brother's fault.*

SHAKESPEARE

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See back cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

## Nearly 1500 New Bands in One Month

Fourteen hundred and ninety-two new Bands of Mercy were organized during October. Of these, 648 were in Illinois, 173 in Massachusetts, 119 in Maine, 117 in Georgia, 112 in Rhode Island, 98 in South Carolina, 88 in Pennsylvania, 83 in Florida, 44 in Virginia, seven in Tennessee, two in New York, and one in California.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 243,894.

## Just Dog

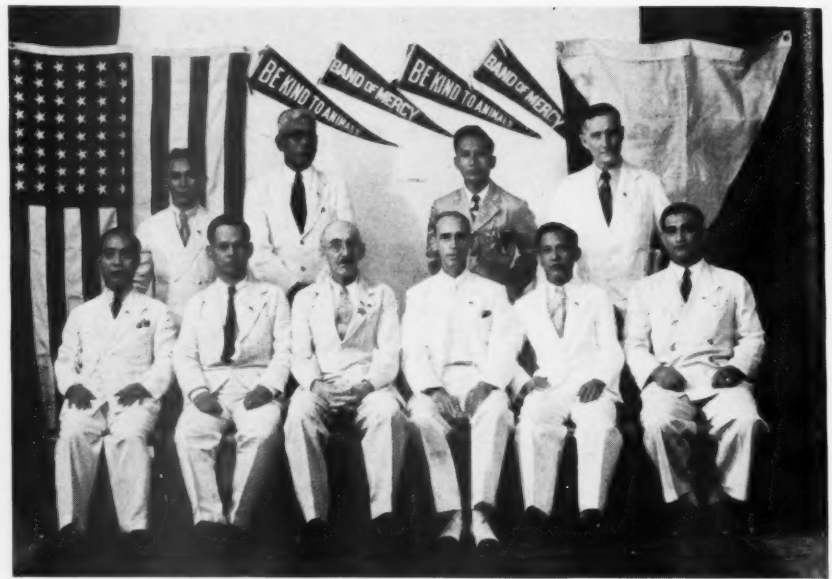
INEZ CLARK THORSON

*He does not have a pedigree,  
Nor soft and silky hair,  
But love for me shines in his eyes,  
And loyalty is there.  
Nor does he move with dignity,  
Nor have a fancy name;  
Though but a cur with coarse, brown fur,  
I love him just the same.  
He offers much; his wants are few—  
A bone, a drink, a bed  
Beside a freckled little boy  
When evening prayers are said!*



### ONLY A YARD HIGH

This little dapple gray dwarf horse is "Economy," owned by J. E. Wagner of Placentia, California, who is in the picture with him. Economy is 36 inches high, weighs 195 pounds, and is four years old.



AN UNUSUAL BAND OF MERCY IN MANILA, P. I.

## Stop Boys Shooting Birds

FERN BERRY

ALTHOUGH they are pretty well able to take care of themselves, birds and animals occasionally need human championship. And when the time comes for it, let the man or woman, boy or girl, speak and act fearlessly. Strange as it seems, boys with sling-shots are pretty vicious, and given air gun or a 22 rifle (by unthinking parents) boys can do a lot of damage.

The writer had to risk getting her neighbor very angry recently, when this neighbor's two sons, one in High school and the second a member of the eighth grade, refused to listen to my plea and stop shooting song birds from my premises and from the trees near-by.

Several boys were playing with the dangerous 22 rifle and quite politely were asked to refrain from shooting at birds. They were "saucy" and smart and kept up their evil practice. The male cedar waxwing failed to come home to his family, in the sweet apple tree and I knew that he had fallen a victim to the gun. I soon had a chance to stop the shooting and this I did. My own two boys were out in the garden on a beautiful mid-summer morning. They picked up a red-eyed vireo, shot through the breast. With the bird as evidence I went to the village sheriff and demanded that the shooting (which is really illegal within village limits) be stopped. The sheriff called on the boys and their parents while I hurried to get ready for morning church service. The parents did not remain angry for very long—and my birds were safe.

The butcher bird is a pest himself in many respects but he is a good destroyer of insects and his habit of preparing for future meals by impaling worms on thorn bushes to dry ready for his eating, means that he takes a good many that he never finds again and so must get more.

## That Remarkable Band of Mercy

IN the last issue of our magazine we told the story of an extraordinarily interesting Band of Mercy organized in the Philippines by Mr. Irving Hart, national representative of all leper colonies of the Camp-fire Girls, Inc. We said that upon his own initiative he had undertaken the work of securing a large membership among the most prominent people of Manila. Here is a picture of Mr. Hart and his Board of Directors: Seated—left to right: Arsenio Tenmatay, Dr. Jose P. Bantug, Irving Hart, Judge Henry Oswald, Sixto Ong-changeo, Ralph G. Hawkins. Standing—left to right: Cipriano Lagunzad, Guillermo Magsankay, Severiano Araos, Albert M. Easthagen.

Mr. Hart's reputation for all sorts of good work is very high in Manila. The remarkable thing is that in his membership of at least seven hundred, there are such prominent names as Paul V. McNutt, now in this country; General Douglas MacArthur, Field Marshal, Philippine Army; Bishop G. F. Mosher, Episcopal Bishop, forty-five years in the Orient; Attorney Joseph N. Wolfson, a leading member of the Manila S. P. C. A.; Mrs. Josefa Martinez, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A.; Dr. Juan Nolasco, Commissioner of Public Welfare; Theodore L. Hall, general manager of the (Manila) Telephone Company; R. McCullough Dick, owner of the *Philippine Free Press*, and many more whose names we wish we had space enough to print. This celebrated Band of Mercy seems to be composed, outside of what is done among the children in the leper colonies, of adults and many of the most distinguished people in the Philippines.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Resolved

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

*Oh, Christmas is a happy time,  
For loved and sheltered pets;  
But how about those friendless folk,  
A merry world forgets?  
The shivering bird, the wandering squirrel,  
And every sort of stray—  
Let's place them on our Yuletide list,  
For gifts this Christmas Day!*

## Pink Toes and White Snow

CONRAD O. PETERSON

I PAUSED to watch the woodcutters, as they sawed a huge white maple into short lengths for stove wood. A large chunk of wood dropped from the saw. "Mice," grunted one of the men as he pointed. Stepping closer I noticed that the tree was slightly hollow, and this hollow was filled with brown and green particles. Their winter storehouse! Tree buds, small nuts, weed seeds, etc. In fact, everything they could garner! But where were the mice? We soon found them!

Five brown and gray scampering mites of the wild! All had pink toes! And the snow two feet deep, and the temperature fifteen below zero! The woodcutters continued sawing so the mice had to leave their home. A flurry, and they disappeared in the snow! An icy touch for small bare feet!

The mice would freeze to death I thought, as I walked homeward through the forest. But nature must protect her children! Here and there throughout the brush, I noticed numerous small tracks! Mice! They practically lived in the snow! No doubt burrowing into old logs and clusters of weeds and brush. Living on whatever Mother Nature gave them. Storing up for the future. Living in constant danger!

I was cold in my heavy boots and woollen clothes! They, with their bare pink toes, managed to live in an icy land.

## Burros Must Drink

FRED CORNELIUS

A BURRO can go a long time without water if he is living on green grass and weeds. But if he eats nothing but grain and dry hay he becomes thirsty in a few hours and will suffer terribly if not given a drink.

I once knew an old Mexican man who owned a burro. He hitched the burro to a small wagon and did hauling for the people of the city. This was hard work, but the old man was kind to his animal and never loaded the wagon too heavily, nor did he ever try to make the burro go fast.

When the burro became thirsty he would stop, and then the old man would take a bucket from his wagon, go to the nearest house, get the bucket full of water, and set it before the burro. After the animal had drunk the old man would put the bucket back in the wagon, climb into the seat, and cluck to the burro, which would start moving slowly down the street.

**Merry Christmas To All**



CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

## In Snowdrift Land

HENRY H. GRAHAM

*The trees that once were bright and gay,  
And full of leafy shade,  
Are sleeping this December day  
Down in the sylvan glade.*

*The chipmunks that delighted you  
By eating from your hand,  
Are sleeping the long winter through  
Far out in snowdrift land.*

*You fear your woodland friends are dead  
Because they can't be seen,  
But they have only gone to bed—  
Hidden by Winter's screen.*



## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

ANIMALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY,  
Paul Bransom.

Here is a picture book of about fifty wild animals which will delight the heart of any youngster interested in his native fauna. Paul Bransom's large full-page drawings are accompanied by appropriate text written by Helen Dean Fish. Together they portray the beauty and interest of these creatures of our forests, swamps, mountains and plains. Ownership of this book will mean a closer acquaintance with the bear, woodchuck, opossum, moose, bison, wolf, eagle, and many other denizens of our American wilds. The illustrations occupy every other page throughout the fifty which comprise the contents.

50 pp. \$2. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

## HOLIDAY HOPES, Clarence Hawkes.

Because this author has written so many books about animals and has consistently advocated the need of humane education, we are glad to give this brief notice of his latest volume of poems although but one of them relates especially to the animal world—"The Flight of the Fowl." The book opens with a sheaf of Christmas verse, especially appropriate for this season. There are also included the seven Thanksgiving poems which Mr. Hawkes has written in as many consecutive years for the United Press. "A Hymn of Peace," "Easter Joy," "A Song of Life," "Love is Lovely," are some of the other titles, indicating the lofty sentiments which this blind singer incorporates in his verse. The volume is worthy to take its place with the fifty-odd books which this indefatigable writer has already given to his public.

95 pp. \$1.25. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of . . . . . dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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